

## TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

**Circuit Court.**  
Robert C. Gicourt, judge; H. Kane Harman, clerk. Terms of court—1st Monday in April, 4th Monday in August and 1st Monday in December.

**County Court.**  
J. H. Stuart, judge; T. E. George, clerk. Terms of court—Tuesday after 3d Monday in each month.

**Officers.**  
Jno. T. Barnes, Com. Th. Atty.  
Jno. W. Crockett, Sheriff.  
James Bandy, Deputy Sheriff.  
R. C. Gillespie, Treasurer.  
H. P. Brittain, Auditor.  
H. G. McCall, Deputies.  
R. S. Williams, County Surveyor.  
Address, Pounding Mill, Va.  
P. H. Williams, County Supt. Schools.  
Address, Snapp's, Va.

## THE CHURCHES.

### STRAS MEMORIAL EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Divine Service—First and Third Sun days of the month at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.  
Holy Communion—First Sunday at 11 a. m.  
Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.  
A hearty welcome is extended to all.  
Rev. W. D. BUCKNER, Rector.

### Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Public worship of God on the 1st and 3d Sundays at 11 A. M., on the 2nd and 4th at 7:30 P. M.  
Meeting for prayer, Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.  
Sabbath School at 9:30 P. M.  
Meeting of Epworth League each Monday night at 7:30 P. M.  
The third Monday of each month being devoted to literary work.  
A most cordial welcome is extended to all.  
ISAAC P. MARTIN, Pastor.

### Baptist Church Services.

Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.; preaching 1st and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m., and on 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 p. m.; B. Y. P. U. every Monday at 7:30 p. m.; prayer meeting every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.; Missionary Society 2d and 4th Sundays at 4 p. m. All are invited to attend. Strangers welcome. W. C. FORSTER, Pastor.

### Lutheran Church.

Services at the Lutheran church at North Tazewell every 1st and 3d Sunday at 11 a. m.

## SECRET ORDERS.

**CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.**  
Meets first Monday in each month.  
JAMES O'KEEFE, E. C.  
W. G. YOUNG, Recorder.

**O'KEEFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 26.**  
Meets second Monday in each month.  
W. G. YOUNG, Secretary.

**TAREWELL LODGE, NO. 42, A. F. & A. M.**  
Meets the third Monday in each month.  
H. W. O'KEEFE, W. M.  
W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

**BLUEGRASS LODGE, NO. 142, I. O. O. F.**  
Meets every Tuesday night. Lodge room over Post & Wingo's store.  
A. S. HIGGINBOTHAM, N. G.  
H. R. DODD, Sec'y.  
J. B. CRAWFORD, P. G.

**TAZEWELL ENCAMPMENT, No. 17, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday night in hall of Bluegrass Lodge, No. 142.**  
W. D. BUCKNER, C. P.  
A. S. HIGGINBOTHAM, Scribe.  
A. W. LINDSON, P. C. P.

## LAWYERS.

A. J. & S. D. MAY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the courts of Appellate and Federal courts at Arlington. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

BARNES & BARNES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, Court of Appeals at Wytheville and the Federal courts at Arlington. C. J. Barnes, John T. Barnes.

CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and all of the courts of Appellate and Federal courts at Arlington. C. J. Chapman, A. F. Gillespie.

CLINTON & COULLEN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, S. M. R. Coullens will continue his practice in all of the courts of Buchanan county. J. H. Fulton, Wytheville, Va. S. M. R. Coullens, Tazewell, Va.

GREYER & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Office—Stras building. Edgar L. Greyer, Barnes Gillespie.

GEO. W. ST. CLAIR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the courts of Appellate and Federal courts at Arlington. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. Office in Stras building.

H. C. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and the Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Collecting a specialty.

VINCENT L. SEXTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. Office in Stras building.

W. B. SPRATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Richlands, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Prompt attention paid to the collection of claims.

J. H. STUART, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Land titles in McDowell and Logan counties, West Virginia, a specialty. Office in Stras building.

HENRY & GRAHAM, LAWYERS, Tazewell, Va. Office in building near Court House. R. R. Henry, S. C. Graham, R. W. Stras.

Tetter, Salt-Rheum and Eczema. The intense itching and smarting, incident to these diseases, is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles, a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, moist bites and chronic sore eyes. 25 cents per box.

Dr. Cad's Condition Powders, are just what a home needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25 cents per package.

For sale by J. E. Jack

## A SONG FOR THE FLEET.

A song for them one and all,  
The sailor-ships of the Maine,  
They have sailed at nation's battle-call  
To save a land from a tyrant's thrall  
That has struggled long in vain!  
The coming days shall speak  
The praise of our valiant tars  
Who fear not the war's roaring and weak,  
When proudly flutters from every peak  
The glorious stripes and stars!  
Then a cheer for the flag unfurled  
On the dawn of that Sabbath day  
When the shot that the gallant Dewey  
hurled  
Crushed the hopes of the Spanish world  
In the far Manila bay!

And a cheer for the valourous ones  
Who are girls for the gory fight  
Where the tropic tide swirls and runs  
Under the frown of the Morro's guns—  
And God be with the right!  
—Clinton Scotland, in Leslie's Weekly.

## ONLY TWO OWLS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

IT WAS on the platform of a little water tank railway station in the west that I first made the acquaintance of the doctor and the judge. The train had been crossing a hot, dusty prairie all the morning; its monstrous wheels only broken by the mounds of the prairie dogs' villages; here at the station it was quite as bare and uninteresting. The water tank was the only structure that looked as if it had been built to stay; the station was a rickety shanty, and the half dozen houses which formed the "town" were "dug-outs" which did not appear much more like human habitations than the prairie burrows which dotted the prairie in the distance. The engine stopped under the great iron tank, and I sprang to the platform to stretch my legs. From the little group of station loungers a small boy detached himself and came toward me. He had on a pair of trousers miles too large for him, and carried a small starch box under his arm; aside from the layers of soil with which his face and hands were incrustated the trousers and a fragment of a calico shirt were his only attire.

"Say, mister," he began, in the nasal whine of the professional beggar, "Mother's sick an' my baby's dyin', and we ain't got no money to buy no medicine, an' father's dead an'—"

"Oh, go away," I exclaimed; for I could not, not only by the boy's manner, but by the grins of the station loungers that he was a juvenile confidence operator.

"Strew, honest, strew, mister," pursued the young rascal, unabashed; "an' I've got ter sell my two pet owls," and here he began to snivel and held out the box.

"Have you got two owls in that box?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he answered, brightening up, for he saw his victim was biting. "Don't open it now or they will get away," he added. "They're two fine owls, an' rich pets!"

"How much do you want for them?" I asked.

"Twenty-five cents," was the unexpected and hasty answer.

It seemed that his elaborate tale of woe should have been worth at least a dollar, and on the impulse of the moment I produced a quarter. He clutched it at once and dashed off across the prairie amidst the guffaws of the station loungers.

"So he's took you in," remarked the Pullman conductor who had come up at the moment. "He's a young imp, he is; his father is one of the section hands, but his mother died a couple of years ago, and he's run wild since. What did he say was in the box? Last trip he sold one of my passengers a prairie dog in a box, same way. Oh, it was that all right, only I reckon it must have been dead a week or so by its smell."

"He said that there are a pair of prairie owls in the box," I replied rather stiffly, for I was nettled at having made a fool of myself.

"Mebbe that is," said the conductor. "But a week ago he sold a passenger a Rocky mountain bat; and when he opened the box he found half a brick—'kick-bat,' y' know?" and the conductor walked off chuckling.

I debated in my own mind whether or not to fling the box out on the prairie; but my curiosity was too strong, besides I could feel something moving inside; so I took it into the car, and, closing the door of my stateroom, I prepared to investigate my purchase. I cautiously slid the cover and almost dropped the box, for I was greeted by a whirling sound that, to my excited fancy, seemed like the warning of a rattlesnake's glance reassured me the boy had told the truth, he had sold me two owls, but such looking objects! They were not more than three days old, and there was not one feather to the pair; they were covered with sooty down, powdered white by the starch which still remained in the box. They stood erect, close together, as if ashamed of their nakedness, yet glaring at me indignantly and defiantly with their big, round eyes. I began to ponder what I should do with them. I could not turn them loose, I did not know how to keep them, they were so young they would probably die, and they hadn't feathers enough to stuff. My misgivings were brought to a close by my mother, who entered the stateroom and asked what I had there.

"A pair of owls," I replied, sheepishly. Then I told her the story of how I had been victimized. There were a few motley words of advice about the desirability of not buying "a pig in a poke," or an owl in a box, and then, mother like, she rose to the occasion and solved my doubts.

"You were very foolish to buy them, but now you have them you must take care of them. Go and get them something to eat."

"What do owls eat?" I queried, doubtfully.

"Mice and small birds," I suggested, that the opportunities for catching mice and small birds in a Pullman car, were, to say the least, limited.

"A little piece of raw meat, cut very fine, would do," she replied, ignoring my flippant remark and busying herself in brushing the starch from the youngsters' fur.

I hunted up the cook of the dining car and secured from him a bit of raw beefsteak, for which I was obliged to "tip" him a quarter and I may remark that it cost me a quarter every time those birds ate until we reached New York; and their appetites were something enormous. When I returned my mother had the two snugly cuddled on her lap, under her hands, and she fed them on the new meat until they stood up with crops distended like a couple of pouter pigeons. Their aspect of my mother, self-conscious dignity was so irresistibly funny that we named them Doctor and Judge at once.

The remainder of the railway trip was uneventful, except that Doctor and Judge grew amazingly and sprouted feathers, so that by the time we arrived

in New York they were almost "full-fledged." They learned to snap their bills together when they were hungry, which was a signal for my mother to send me off on a foraging expedition. They were very intelligent, and in less than a week learned their names, and would turn their big eyes up inquiringly when my mother spoke to them. In time they grew very fond of me, and apparently recognized me as their master; but, during all their lives, and I kept them for over two years, their affection and confidence were given to my mother. If anything alarmed them, they would turn their big eyes up inquiringly, and they would fly to her for protection, and they delighted to snuggle down in her lap, under her hands, making a queer, purring noise like a couple of contented kittens.

When I reached home I got a cage for them which they never liked, so I allowed them to roam about my room at their own sweet will. They soon found congenial quarters in a couple of empty pigeon holes in the corner of the room, and for the hour while I was writing; but the moment I laid down my pen or pencil they would dart out like a couple of young pirates, pounce upon it and drag it back into the pigeon hole, whirling in triumph; they would play hide-and-seek with each other in the dark corners of the room, under the furniture, and sometimes, as a special treat, I used to close all the doors and let a lighted candle float down where I would rise and float, like a bit of this-world, just over the mouse, then drop suddenly on it, fixing their strong little claws in its back; they did not torment their victim like a cat, but tore its head off at once and proceeded to make a meal of it.

I regret to be obliged to record the fact that, notwithstanding the very evident affection which existed between the two upon all other occasions, they relapsed into savagery when feeding; and the one who was fortunate enough to secure the mouse scolded the other until the unfortunate rodent was snugly tucked away where it could not be got at. I generally tried to have two live mice for them at a time, and all our neighbors and the near-by grocery stores were laid under contribution to meet the demand. One curious feature of their manner of eating mice was a never-failing source of amusement; they had a habit of bolting the head and forequarters first, and then swallowing the rest with a tearing it into bits with the result that they would stand with their little paunches swelled out to an enormous size, and the mouse's tail sticking out of the corner of their mouths, for all the world like a fat old man who has finished his dinner and was enjoying his after-dinner cigar.

Their flight was absolutely noiseless; they seemed to float rather than fly; but they were very swift on the wing for short distances, as many a sparrow discovered to its cost. When I went to the country for the summer I took them with me, and used to carry them in my pockets when I went out for walks.

The English sparrows were becoming very plentiful about our place and were driving away the more desirable song birds. With the active cooperation of Doctor and Judge I declared war upon the impudent foreigners, and when I came upon a party of the little feathered ragamuffins I would set my two plainmen free. They were quick and clever, and seldom failed to catch a sparrow. Sometimes in the excitement of the chase, if one of them failed to catch a sparrow, he would start off after the nearest song bird; but a sharp call never failed to bring him back, obediently, to my shoulder.

It was in this matter of obedience that they showed the only difference in their dispositions. When recalled from the chase Judge would return to me, circle about me and settle contentedly on my shoulder, but Doctor was more minded to have his own way. He would float off after a song bird like a bit of down on the breeze; when he heard me call he would flap back to me as heavily as an old crow, and would further display his vexation by snapping his bill close to my ear.

While it was evident that the strong sunlight annoyed them they seemed to like it as well in the daytime as at night, and, naturally, all their hunting was done in the daylight, though I tried to select cloudy or overcast days for their excursions. They never seemed to have a desire to get away and, indeed, I fancy it would have been difficult to have made them go very far from some member of the family. They would sit on the branch of a tree not far from my window, but at nightfall they sought the family sitting-room and there they would sit as comfortable as my mother's lap. In the city they delighted in sitting, for hours at a time, on the window sill watching the people passing in the street and conversing with each other in low, chirping monosyllables. They were a devoted fondness for chasing each other and sat side by side, motionless except as from time to time they would turn their heads and rub their bills together.

One evening I was romping with the doctor and he was wrestling with my finger, a play in which he took an especial joy. We were in the midst of our frolic when he lost his balance. I heard a slight snap and he fell over on his side, he picked himself up again, and tried to continue his sport, but I saw that his right leg hung limp and helpless. I quickly examined him and discovered that it was broken just above the knee. Though I handled him as gently as I knew how, he squealed with pain, and made a bee line for his haven of refuge, my mother's lap. He banded up the leg as best we could; but it was of no use, and after four days of suffering he died. During his illness the conduct of Judge was almost human. The evening of the accident he discovered that, for some reason he could not comprehend, Doctor was absorbing the attention of the family; he protested violently, flew on my mother's lap half a dozen times, only to be driven off, and finally, in a fit of rage and jealousy, he retreated under the sofa and sulked. The next morning, however, he discovered that there was something really wrong with his companion, and his anxiety knew no bounds. Our aim was to keep Doctor as quiet as possible, but Judge seemed to believe in that treatment that some well-meaning people deem so efficacious—he wanted to do something "to take up the patient's mind"; he tried to lure the poor Doctor into games of hide-and-seek and excursions to the window sill. When feeding time came he absolutely refused to use up his food had been fed, which was an entirely new development, as in the past they had both been greedily over their meals. When Doctor finally succumbed, Judge was frantic; his grief and loneliness were most pathetic; he would run about the room for hours, peering behind pieces of furniture and under sofas and chairs and continually keeping up that whirling chirp which he had used to call each other. He could not seem to get it out of his head that the Doctor was hiding from him, and his search was heart-rending. He refused all food, though I tempted him with every dainty I could think of—live mice, fresh meat, a small bird and a

nest run or many mice failed to attract him, and he grew emaciated with surprising rapidity. He would look at the food, then start off on his fruitless search, whirling piteously the while. After hunting under all the chairs and sofas he would go out into the middle of the room, stretch out his little neck and whirr, so pleadingly, so caressingly, with exactly the same note that they used when rubbing their bills together on the window sill, that I have seen grown-up men of my family furiously wiping their eyes.

He grew very weak, and only seemed contented on my mother's lap. One evening he was lying cuddled up under her hand, apparently asleep.

"Poor Judge," I said, "he will never get over the loss of Doctor." The familiar name aroused the little fellow; he staggered to his feet, looked about with great round eyes, which were already glazing in death, summoned all his strength and gave one last whirling call and fell back dead.

Pets die, and our most intimate human friends covertly sneer at our grief. For our own part we generally resolve never to keep another pet. But it was a long time before our family forgot our little prairie owls; it is some comfort for me to feel that being taken so young and never having known freedom they were as happy with me as they could have been, exposed to the dangers and privations of their wild life. They certainly gave me a warmer sympathy with the whole animal kingdom—N. Y. Independent.

## MANILA'S CAPTURE.

The Philippine Capital Was Taken by the English During the Last Century.

Manila has been captured from Spain. The English were its captors, although they held it only for a few months. It was in 1762, a few weeks after the English capture of Havana. Spain had been rash enough to side with France in the war usually known in this country as the French and Indian war. She was speedily punished for it.

The expedition against Manila was the plan of Col. William Draper, afterward a baronet and a lieutenant-general. He was made brigadier general for the expedition and put in command, with Admiral Cornish as his naval ally. The expedition was fitted out and started from Madras, India. There were nine ships, and a land force of 2,300 men, including one English regiment, with Sepoys and marines.

On September 24, 1762, these forces were disembarked just south of Manila. The archbishop of Manila, who was also governor general of the islands, collected and armed some 10,000 natives as a reinforcement to the Spanish garrison of 800. During the progress of the siege, some daring attempts were made by the British to prevent the further construction of defenses, but the assailants were repulsed with great slaughter.

A desperate sally was made by a strong body of natives, who "run furiously on the ranks of the besiegers and fought with almost incredible ferocity, and many of them died, like wild beasts, gnawing with their teeth the bayonets by which they were transfixed."

On October 6 a breach was effected in the Spanish works, the English carried the city by storm, and gave it up for several hours to the ravages of a hungry soldiery. The archbishop and his family fled to the citadel, but this could not be defended, and a capitulation was agreed upon by which the city and port of Manila, with several ships and the military stores, were surrendered, while for their private property the Spanish agreed to pay a ransom of \$2,000,000 in coin and the same in bills on the treasury at Madrid. This last obligation was never paid.

A day or two after the capture came news of a rich prize for Admiral Cornish. He had started eastward with a frigate and a ship of the line to intercept a treasure ship. This he did not find, but he fell in with and captured a Spanish galleon bound from Manila to Acapulco, Mexico, with a cargo valued at \$3,000,000.—Boston Transcript.

**New Zealand Mutton.**  
The story of a New Zealand sheep designed for the London market may be very briefly told. It is taken from the run to the slaughter house, killed, dressed and transferred to the cooling room. The skin and superfluous fat are removed; a five-hour cooling time is allowed, and the carcass is then packed in a room for 36 hours. Thence it goes to the storing room, and when it has been enveloped in its cotton "shirt" and labeled is ready for its journey over sea. The steamers which bring the meat to use through the tropics have, of course, to be fitted with refrigerating appliances, and our sheep takes its place among thousands of others, some of the boats being fitted to carry as many as 70,000 carcasses at one time.

There are six canneries engaged in the trade, capable of transporting 6,700,000 sheep per annum. Arrived in the Thames, the barges come alongside the vessel, and the sheep is transferred to a cold storage station. Here, as has been already indicated, it may lie for weeks, or for months if necessary, so that an important commercial advantage—there is no necessity for immediate sale on a depressed market.

Finally, the part company with our sheep. It finds its way to Smithfield market or is dispatched by rail into the provinces. Having once left the cold stores, it will not be long before it reaches the consumer's table.—Good Words.

**Queenies of Game.**  
Pound the meat of cold game, freed from skin and gristle, in a mortar. Add a little fat pork or cooked bacon, seasoning herbs, and a little nutmeg, with some gravy if too dry. Make into tiny sausages, dip each into a beaten egg; roll in brown raspings, and fry in boiling fat. Serve in pyramid form on a dish with fried parsley.—Boston Globe.

**Good Marksmen in India.**  
Lord Roberts declares that the shooting standard attained by the Indian troops is unequalled by any troops in the world.

**Sherlock Holmes, Jr.**  
Durbank—You say that you never saw that man before, and yet you think he has been married about 15 months. I'd like mighty well to know what there is about him to make you arrive at such a conclusion.

**Sherlock Holmes, Jr.—**Watch him closely, and you will notice that he starts at every sound as if he were afraid it would wake the baby.—Cleveland Leader.

**Wealth in Disguise.**  
An old man living in Paris, who appeared to be in extreme poverty and gratefully received the gifts of neighbors, has just died. On his room being opened up the police found a hidden treasure of gold and valuables to the amount of \$28,000.

**Stranger.**  
Minister—What caused you to become a crook, man?  
Prisoner—Straightened circumstances, mister.—Up to Date.

## NEW SUMMER STYLES.

Some Seasonable Suggestions for the Women Who Would Be Well Dressed.

Pique suits grow more and more elaborate. Velvet was considered an extravagance in trimming at first, but now both of good black lace in bands and edgings are wound around the skirts in an exquisite recklessness and handsome effect.

At present the world of fashion pivots around a shrine of checks and plaids, but buyers' samples for the fall importation show a decided return of ombre effects and many stripes. Satin striped effects simulating raised cords are also promised for raffetias, and thus the appearance of great weight and richness is possible with medium-priced clothes.

Another stylish strike is of pale turquoise and white pique stripes, having a narrow, deep round yoke in front, closely tucked. The blouse from the waist down is of the former, edged all around by a three-inch knife plaiting, which has a half-inch velvet band at the outside. Where the plaiting and yoke are joined in a double ruche of frayed pink and gray the close sleeve is capped by a deep knife-plaited frill edged in velvet, and a pink and gray folded grille clothe beneath a full rosette of pink at the left side.

Field flowers are great favorites for large hats. A single hat had for its ornamentation a full soft fold of the brim colored sash laid low over the brim and appearing here and there amidst the tangle of oats, wheat, hued red poppies, corn flowers, daisies and even a tuft of purple horse mint, whose gorgeous beauty drove quite to the outer edge of the brim a frail wreath of sparse forget-me-nots. Describing this vogue of head covering is like a nightmare, but in reality they are quite pretty, and upon youthful wearers are in good taste with pique or simple organdie gowns.

How long shall it be before it is declared unpatriotic to wear anything whose name or fashionings is Spanish? Then away with Spanish founes, Spanish girdles and the black Spanish lace bertha scarf just now obtaining favor, but until then fashion by a peculiar and daring perversity is particularly favoring these three modes above all others.

The name may change, some enterprising modiste may bring fame upon herself by terming them Cuban, or Columbian, but their fashioning will remain the same.

In such fabrics, which are now absorbing more than stuffs and silks, the skirt flounces are usually gathered straight around the bottom of the skirt to a depth of from 18 to 20 inches, or even less for short women. This ruffle is joined on with a heading, under a fancy ruche of the goods, or beneath a cluster or a single band of ribbon or velvet, the latter appearing in surprising quantities upon dresses which are supposed to be laundrable, but which in reality will never form a part of my lady's wardrobe after an ignominious visit to the laundry.—St. Louis Democrat.

## APRICOT MARMALADE.

A Dish That Is Very Palatable and Economical for the Family Table.

The writer has made a discovery that will doubtless be welcomed by those who, like herself, are at their wit's end for a supply of fruit for the family table just now, with the preserve cupboard nearly empty and cheap berries many weeks in the distance. Half a pound of apricots, dried by the new method (aerated) had been washed, then soaked in cold water over night, and they looked so like the fresh fruit just peeled and thrown into water that she was tempted to taste one of the halves. It had not become watery in the water, and, after sprinkling a taste of sugar over it, the texture and flavor were like the freshly-picked and ripe fruit.

Instead of cooking the fruit it was drained first in a dish sprinkled lightly with sugar, and after standing awhile was ready to use. The water in which the fruit was soaked was saved until the next day for the marmalade, which is made as follows: To every pound of soaked and drained fruit allow half a pound of granulated sugar, put in an agate or porcelain-lined kettle, with enough of the water in which the apricots were soaked to cover the bottom, bring very slowly to boiling point, and then stir until mashed fine, add the sugar and boil 15 minutes, stirring constantly, then remove to a moderate heat and simmer for 20 minutes and stir occasionally to avoid scorching. When buying apricots for this purpose it is necessary to see for one's self that the fruit looks ripe and in good condition. For nine cents a pound of good fruit will swell and double in quantity in the soaking and cooking, and rich-looking halves may be bought. By tasting while raw a satisfactory test is obtained, for if ripe they will have a distinctly sweet, fruity flavor, and will be comparatively tender.

Three pounds of excellent French prunes may be bought for 25 cents. If a pound is washed and sealed over night in cold water, scarcely any of the richness will escape into the water, and the fruit, if well drained, will be found tender and palatable without cooking, and is much better liked by many people than when stewed.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## THE BATTLE CRY.

An Excellent Suggestion for Producing Instant Disorganization in the Spanish Army.

"Whenever I read anything about this Spanish war," remarked a New York man, "I think of those Spanish carabinieri at Santander and wonder if the rest of the Spanish army are anything like them. The steamer stopped at Santander and a custom house carabinero came on board with those four carabinieri. The carabinieri had real carbines. It was their duty to see that nothing left the ship without official mission of the custom house official."

"One of our passengers was Wilbur, the secretary of the United States legation at Lisbon. He was going to Lisbon, and had intended to go all the way by steamer. But while the steamer waited in the harbor of Santander something—a dispatch from his chief or something of that sort—made him change his mind. So he showed his credentials to the custom house man, and he was permitted to take his traps ashore. Now, all the palaver between Wilbur and the custom house

man went on in the cabin. Two of the carabinieri were keeping watch and ward on the upper deck. One of them was leaning in an easy attitude against the taffrail by the gangway, cuddling the muzzle of his carbine in the crook of his elbow while the butt rested on the deck, and solemnly rolling a cigarette. Wilbur and the steward with the baggage came out of the companionway and made for the gangway. The carabinero completed his cigarette with an alacrity, and grabbed his carbine when he caught sight of that baggage. He supposed the soldier was technically right in refusing to let Wilbur land without written authority from the custom house man, and I forget why the hitch occurred, but there was a hitch and an argument—American diplomat against Spanish soldier. This particular American diplomat was a veteran, I know, and the carabinieri had to call his comrade from pacing up and down on the other side of the deck to come and help him out. So there were two carabinieri, one from Wilbur land, and the other from the custom house, without written authority from the custom house man, and I forget why the hitch occurred, but there was a hitch and an argument—American diplomat against Spanish soldier. This particular American diplomat was a veteran, I know, and the carabinieri had to call his comrade from pacing up and down on the other side of the deck to come and help him out. So there were two carabinieri, one from Wilbur land, and the other from the custom house, without written authority from the custom house man, and I forget why the hitch occurred, but there was a hitch and an argument—American diplomat against Spanish soldier. This particular American diplomat was a veteran, I know, and the carabinieri had to call his comrade from pacing up and down on the other side of the deck to come and help him out. So there were two carabinieri, one from Wilbur land, and the other from the custom house, without written authority from the custom house man, and I forget why the hitch occurred, but there was a hitch and an argument—American diplomat against Spanish soldier. This particular American diplomat was a veteran, I know, and the carabinieri had to call his comrade from pacing up and down on the other side of the deck to come and help him out. So there were two carabinieri, one from Wilbur land, and the other from the custom house, without written authority from the custom house man, and I forget why the hitch occurred, but there was a hitch and an argument—American diplomat against Spanish soldier. This particular American diplomat was a veteran, I know, and the carabinieri had to call his comrade from pacing up and down on the other side of the deck to come and help him out. So there were two carabinieri, one from Wilbur land, and the other from the custom house, without written authority from the custom house man, and I forget why the hitch occurred, but there was a hitch and an argument—American diplomat against Spanish soldier. This particular American diplomat was a veteran, I know, and the carabinieri had to call his comrade from pacing up and down on the other side of the deck to come and help him out. So there were two carabinieri, one from Wilbur land, and the other from the custom house, without written authority from the custom house man, and I forget why the hitch occurred, but there was a hitch and an argument—American diplomat against Spanish soldier. This particular American diplomat was a veteran, I know, and the carabinieri had to call his comrade from pacing up and down on the other side of the deck to come and help him out. So there were two carabinieri, one from Wilbur land, and the other from the custom house, without written authority from the custom house man, and I forget why the hitch occurred, but there was a hitch and an argument—American diplomat against Spanish soldier. This particular American diplomat was a veteran, I know, and the carabinieri had to call his comrade from pacing up and down on the other side of the deck to come and help him out. So there were two carabinieri, one from Wilbur land, and the other from the custom house, without written authority from the custom house man, and I forget why the hitch occurred, but there was a hitch and an argument—American diplomat against Spanish soldier. This particular American diplomat was a veteran, I know, and